

The Reappearance of Will Byers by [orphan_account](#)

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-09-24

Updated: 2016-09-24

Packaged: 2022-04-01 20:35:54

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,484

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Will draws pictures with Mike after coming back from the upside-down.

The Reappearance of Will Byers

“The blue crayon?” Mike asked, picking up a pillow and checking under it. He looked around the fort, scanning the same areas again and again hoping for different results. Surprisingly, to no avail.

Will Nodded. “Well, A blue crayon. The light one.” He said, looking around the outside of the fort. He lifted up the tarp slightly, the crayon wasn’t anywhere to be seen. Mike huffed, frustrated and sat down.

“Won’t any of the other ones work?” He asked. Will shook his head. “No, I need the light one, I don’t wanna draw the sky dark.”

Mike shrugged. “I guess.”

He was quiet for a moment listening to Will picking up pillows, papers and sticks looking for the crayon. He finally heard a satisfied “Oh, there it is!” as Will re-entered the fort.

Mike Watched Will come in excitedly, holding the crayon up proudly in his right hand. Mike smiled. “So, what are you gonna draw?” he asked, handing will a sheet of paper.

Will grabbed his box of crayons and the paper.

“I don’t really know yet, but I was thinking I would draw us. You know, me , you, Lucas, Dustin.” He smiled, thinking of how happy he was to be able to see his friends again. He thought of how awful it must’ve been, to see his “body” being pulled from a lake, to go to his funeral, to feel a loss of hope... but it was all over. And he was home.

“Cool.” Mike grinned as Will started to draw the outlines of his friends. All the boys liked to see Will’s drawings. It was almost magic the way he could recreate their faces just with a twelve pack of crayons and a pencil. Mike watched Will outline Dustin’s hat, Lucas on his bike, Mike holding his walkie-talkie. The colors were added gradually, making the drawing brighter each moment.

When the picture began to look like it was nearly finished, Mike crawled over to Will’s side, peeking over his shoulder.

“So, is it almost done?” Mike asked, anxious to see the finished result. Will pushed his head away and laughed.

“Miike, stop, it’s not done yet.”

Mike peeked anyways, seeing Will try to outline a fifth member of the group... but it couldn’t be who he thought it was. Still, he asked.

“Will,” Mike started quietly. “Who’s this?

Will gave Mike a sad smile. “I... I guess you know her better than I would. I wanted to draw Eleven.” He glanced at Mike for a moment, but his eyes quickly returned to the paper. All it took was that half-second look at Mike’s face and he could see everything. Happiness followed by sadness and confusion all in a moment. Will Couldn’t help but feel guilt squeeze his stomach.

“I’m really sorry.” Will said quietly. Mike turned his head to face his friend.

“Sorry? What are you sorry for?” He asked. Will looked around, unsure of how to say it. He decided it was best to just look at the ground, instead of trying to look at his friend.

“I-I don’t know.” Will said, fidgeting around. “It’s just that... Maybe if you’d never found me, she’d still be here. And you wouldn’t have to miss her.”

Mike stopped him. “Will, no way!” He said, looking Will right in the eyes. “We did so much to try and save you. She was just... just being our friend. And your friend.” Will couldn’t help but notice a thumping in his chest seeing Mike give the slightest smile. He looked away after realizing the stupid grin he wore on his face, pretending to be focusing intently on his crayons.

“You really think she would want to be my friend?” He asked, taking out a pink crayon. Mike nodded and gave a small, small, laugh.

“Definitely. She was a good listener, just like you. And she could do crazy things with the AV stuff at school!” Will smiled, seeing Mike happy made him feel much better. He dumped some crayons out on the paper, trying to look for the right ones.

“What did she look like?” He asked. Mike took a moment to think, and answered carefully.

‘She was a little shorter than me, maybe your height. She liked to wear Nancy’s old dress, and my blue jacket.’ Will began to outline the clothes.

“And...” Mike continued. “Hmm... she had a kind of small mouth, and her hair was really short, buzzed, like those soldier guys in the movies.” Will kept on drawing, trying to remember everything Mike was telling him.

“Oh! And she had these big pretty brown eyes.” He finished. Will giggled.

“You thought she was pretty?” He asked. Mike went quiet and his nose and ears seemed to turn pink.

“I-I didn’t say... well, I mean her eyes maybe... I-It’s not the way Dustin and Lucas said it was!” He stumbled, scratching his head nervously. Will laughed, still hard at work on his crayon drawing.

“Pretty brown eyes...” Will repeated, almost in a whisper. Like Jonathan said, he was good at hiding. Especially when it came to jealousy. Mike said she had pretty brown eyes. Will himself had brown eyes. Did they look any different? Were his too dark, or bright? Too scared looking, too sad? He knew the real answer. They were too boyish. Too Friendly. Too weird. Too queer.

Will was snapped out of his thoughts hearing Mike’s voice again. Only a small
“Wow”.

“It looks so much like her.” He said, reaching his hand out to the paper for a moment before retracting it quickly, trying not to look silly.

Will smiled and gave a half-hearted laugh. “She was your best friend wasn’t she?” He asked. Mike shook his head.

“No.” He paused seeing that Will wasn’t buying it. “I mean, yeah, but I didn’t forget you. You’re my best friend too.”

Will shook his head slightly and smiled. “Okay.” He got up, brushed off the paper and held it out to look at it clearly. He squinted his eyes, widened them, turned the picture, and looked it over carefully. Mike appeared behind him, staring at his friends work.

“It’s great.” He said, his teeth showing through upturned lips. “Dustin and Lucas, they’ll love it.”

Will turned around, being face to face with Mike. Barely five inches apart probably. The Thumping in his chest returned. Mike seemed concerned looking down at Will. Will did the only thing he could think of. His Arms wrapped tightly around his friend, buried his head into Mike’s chest and was quiet. Mike took the smallest step back, somewhat surprised.

“Um... it’s okay?” He said, not quite sure what was going on. Will’s head came up so Mike could see him.

“Mike, it was so cold.” Will whispered, his voice shaking. “It was dark, it was cold and wet. There was so much dark.”

The upside-down. After a couple months, it was sometimes hard to remember just where Will had been for those seven days. Mike hugged Will, trying as much as he could to be comforting.

“But you’re not there anymore, you’re here. And it’s sunny out, and i’m sure it’s warmer here, and we all love you.”

Will loosened his grip and looked up. “You love me?”

Mike opened his mouth to speak, but closed it before opening it again. “Well, yeah, of course! Like I said, you’re my best friend.”

The thumping was loud, quicker, fluttery. Will didn’t know how it was possible that Mike couldn’t hear it. He could certainly feel it, any time they were near.

“Will, are you-”

Thump,thump,thump,thump,thump. Will felt his heart beating out of his chest as he leaned forward, just an inch. His lips met Mike’s, and he felt warm. His Hands still rested on Mike’s back, Mike’s arms wrapped around him, it was all quiet. Until Mike gently placed a

hand on Will's shoulder, not pushing him, but slowly moving him just a few inches away.

"Will." Was all he seemed to know how to say. The Byers boy's face was now colored a light red, matching Mike. He stepped backwards, his foot landing on the drawing, a crunching sound reaching his ears. He winced.

He could only stutter, trying to form words but failing. Mike somehow seemed to know what he wanted to say.

"It's okay." He said, trying his best to be comforting. "When I said that... you know, before. I meant it."

Will let out a shaky sigh of relief. Mike Crouched down to pick up the paper. He held it up and smoothed it out before handing it to Will. The rest of the afternoon was not word-filled. Not even half filled. The rest of the afternoon was a good quiet. The quiet of paper crunching, the quiet of crayons wearing down, the quiet of two friends, the quiet of two hands, one held in the other.